

THE BEACON

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Photo by L. M. Thiers.

"When a quieter group had gone on their way, she stood looking after them."

LUCY NORRIS was called "The Flower Girl" by her friends because she took such an interest in her father's beautiful, if rather crowded, garden. Lucy had no mother, and was a busy enough housekeeper out of school. She would graduate from the High School this year—she *hoped*.

One morning she stood as usual in the garden. She and her father had been working since dawn yesterday, for the yucca was approaching the moment of its uttermost perfection, and a wealthy man was to inspect it. If he liked it, he would give an order for some plants, and on that order her father was chiefly depending for the quarterly rent.

Lucy had knotted her hair up, out of her way. The morning was very hot. The examinations were to begin to-day, and she did wish that her father had not needed so much of her help on this particular forenoon.

"Lucy, child!"

Lucy turned. Her father was standing on the doorstep, and she at once saw that something was wrong.

"Father, dear!" She hurried to him. "What's the matter?"

"That rheumatism again! I'm sure I got

The Flower Girl.

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

damp, watering last night," he tried to smile, but it was a rueful attempt. "Daughter, I'm afraid you'll have to stay at home this morning and see Mr. Davenport."

Lucy's face fell. To miss the history examination—and history was her "star" subject! It was dreadful.

"Very well, father," she tried to make her voice steady.

He turned back, and then she ran in after him. She made him lie down, while she rubbed the knee with hot witch hazel.

"There," she said. "Now, sleep. I'll call you if I have to ask anything."

"I'll sleep," he said. "The pain kept me awake so much in the night."

Lucy was glad to be alone, to fight her tears! She had been looking forward with such keen interest to the history questions.

But at that moment there came the sound of glad young voices, borne along the breeze. Her six classmates—the graduating class were fond of saying "We are seven"—came running along the road. They grouped

round the gate, and called out a gay greeting. They looked like flowers themselves, in their bright gingham dresses,—blue and white, pink and lavender, even soft yellow and leaf green! Poor Lucy, still in a soiled waist and dark skirt, felt her tears well up again.

"We want a posy!" said Margaret.

"To soften the hard questions," added Bertha.

"To smell when we can't write!" threw in Dora.

"To look at when we're tired," cried Kittie. "To remind us of this lovely garden," continued Laura.

"To make us look pretty," concluded Winifred.

"But what's the matter?" asked Laura, who was Lucy's "special" friend.

"Yes," chimed in the others. "You're tired out, Lucy."

"It isn't that," said Lucy. "Father's sick, and I—I can't take the examination!" she almost wailed.

Then ashamed of her own weakness, she faintly smiled, and began to gather the "posies" from the abundant mass of flowers. When a quieter group had gone on their way, she stood looking after them.

For an hour she worked steadily, weeding away every leaf that did not add to the beauty of the garden. She could not help smiling as she surveyed the scene. Such a glorious mass of radiant color, of exquisite and varied shapes! Such perfume, surrounding her rather tired and hot little face! She remembered the line her teacher had quoted yesterday,—the line by Francis, Lord Bacon: "God Almighty first planted a garden, and it is, indeed, one of the purest of human pleasures."

And then, to her astonishment, there came again that sound of fresh young voices, borne upon the breeze! Could she have dreamed away the whole morning? No! a glance through the kitchen window at the clock showed her it was not yet ten! She turned back to the road, and again watched, her hand shading her eyes. There they came, her six classmates, like a human posy, crowding round the gate!

"Lucy!"

"O Flower Girl!"

"Come here!"

"Good news!"

Lucy ran forward.

"What is it?" she cried.

"The Principal has changed the history date! We have the examination to-morrow!"

Lucy's eyes filled with tears—of joy, this time.

"You dears!" she said. "You asked him!"

Her heart was very light, not only because she could take the examination in her favorite subject with the rest of the class, but because of the blessed friendliness that was like the perfume of her own flowers!

Just then there came the sound of wheels. And the girls stood aside to let Mr. Davenport look at the yuccas.

But he didn't! He looked at *them*.

"Not in school?" he asked. "At ten o'clock?"

They explained, eagerly.

"You see," he said, when they had been cleared of their apparent truancy, "I've just been appointed inspector, so I take an interest."

Then the girls ran back to school, to study hard, and he gave his attention to the yuccas and the yucca-seller. He went into the house, and spoke to Lucy's father, and, when he went away, he left behind him an order, an advance payment, and two very happy people.

"It's just as you said—as you always said, father," Lucy whispered, laying her bright young cheek against the withered one. "All things *do* work together for good—when *we* do our best."

"Yes," said the old man, "because doing our best is the truest love to God!"

The Flower and the Soil.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

MARGARET was walking with her mother along a country road. Suddenly she espied a little black pool, opening from a larger body of water, and drew hastily nearer her mother.

"Look at that black, black water," she said. "It's more like mud. Mother, shouldn't you be sorry for any fish that had to live in that black pool?"

"I should," said her mother.

"It couldn't *help* being a muddy fish, could it?" went on the little girl, thinking

of a reproof she had had for a muddy frock. "It wouldn't be its fault."

"Oh, no one need be muddy if they're careful," said her mother. "Come round on the other side of this bush."

Margaret followed her mother wondering. Then she started. On the surface of the black water was a lily, shining in all its radiant whiteness from green leaves.

"You see," said her mother, "though the lily lives in this black, muddy water, her leaves and petals are green and white. They show no mud. You can keep your frock, and your thoughts, like that lily, if you do what the lily does."

"What does it do?" asked Margaret.

"Looks up, always up, towards the sun," replied her mother. "Never down, into the water, but always up, towards the sun and sky."

Then Margaret understood.

The Bloodless Sportsman.

I GO a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game, and catch such fish
As suits a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that the forest holds
And the best fish of the brook
Are ne'er brought down with a rifle shot,
And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air,
Or fish that swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I—
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled,
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish by the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Honest.

A story of Scotch honesty comes from Dundee. A small boy had taken the prize for an exceptionally well-drawn map. After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad:

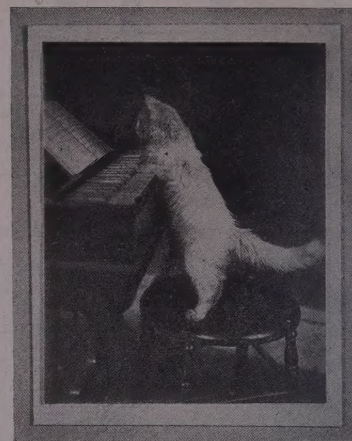
"Who helped you with this map, James?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Come, now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?"

"No, sir: he did it all."

The Wellspring.



A LITTLE MUSIC.

On the Bridge.

BY E. NOYES.

ARTHUR PRESCOTT and Dan Wheeler stood on the Hawthorne Bridge, and watched the smooth, slow flood of the Willamette rolling down to swell the great Columbia's flow. Above them wheeled the gulls, sliding down with smooth, undulating motion, that seemed more like the flow of liquid than flight of wings, eager for the bits of bread boys were throwing them, and filling the air with their sharp, "Squee, Squee." They heard the rattle of chains and the creak of winches, and saw the great draws swing open to let through a boat loaded with lumber: the scent came to them sharp and clean on the bridge above. The air was soft around them, and sweet with the scent of distant flowers. Far off, remote, they saw Mt. Hood, the great, white "Witch Mountain" of the Indians, chill in its snow-capped majesty.

So rolled the Willamette, smooth and dark, in the days when the great Multnomah trod its shores. So loomed Mt. Hood when first it burst upon the vision of Lewis and Clark. And the problem that vexed the soul of Dan Wheeler was a problem as old as river and mountain.

"Ah, come, Dan, what's the harm?"

Arthur was bright and handsome. Poor Dan was shy and awkward. He was shy even with Arthur, whom he loved and admired as the dull and slow are apt to admire the brilliant.

"Not much harm perhaps, Art," answered Dan, "but what good?"

"Oh, good? piffle!" said Arthur, good-naturedly. "Must a thing always be good or bad with you? What a slow boat you are, Dan, like that fellow down there," and he pointed out a heavy, lumber-laden ship from whose hull the drab paint was peeling.

Dan's face flushed, slowly and painfully. Arthur's light words hurt, not because he was a coward, but because he realized that they were true. He was a slow boat after all. And Arthur might be right: a game of pool wasn't a thing to make a great fuss about.

"Come along, Art," he said shortly, and turned to go, but suddenly it seemed to him that it *was* a matter of right and wrong.

Some one has said the true test of greatness is the ability to make right decisions.

"I can't do it, Art. I may be a slow fellow, but I believe a thing that isn't definitely right is pretty apt to be definitely wrong. Playing pool may not be wrong, but it isn't

right, and I won't do what I don't think right."

Arthur continued throwing pieces of wood into the river.

"There I go," he said, tossing a bit at a gay little motor boat, smart in a fresh coat of varnish. "Chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug. Nice to look at, but what good? The old lumber boat down there, crawling along, is worth a hundred of this little craft."

He looked up moodily. "Dan Wheeler, you're worth a dozen of me; you are slow, like the old barges, but you can be depended on to come safe into harbor. Guess I'll stay with you, and see if I can't imbibe some of your steadiness." He threw his arm over Dan's shoulder, and Dan cuffed him to show his friendship and good-will.

The lights flared out on the Hawthorne Bridge, and were reflected in the water like tattered banners of flame. But to Dan, as he turned homeward, they seemed like battle-torn emblems of victory. For he realized that he had stood for half an hour on the bridge of indecision. Now his feet and the feet of the friend he loved were turned toward the solid ground on the right shore.



Dog Philosophy.

THE following paragraphs are quoted by *Our Dumb Animals*, from Eleanor Atkinson's story of "Greyfriars Bobby."

It is not the least of a dog's missions in life to communicate his own irresponsible gayety to men.

A dog, no more than a man, cannot live on bread alone. His heart hungers for love.

Very, very early a dog learns that life is not as simple a matter to his master as it is to himself. There are times when he reads trouble, that he cannot help or understand, in the man's eye and voice. Then he can only look his love and loyalty wistfully, as if he felt his own shortcoming in the matter of speech.

There cannot well be more love in this world than there is room for in God's heaven.

The Working Partner.

BY F. H. SWEET.

A BRIEF stop, and the train puffed impatiently away toward Tavares. The platform was soon left to the possession of two fruit-farmers, who were transferring boxes of oranges from their mule wagons to an empty car on a side track, and a small, sallow-faced boy of ten or twelve years old. For some time the boy watched the operations of the men with considerable interest, and then moved slowly down to where several cases of pineapples were awaiting shipment.

Seating himself on one of these, the boy appeared to give himself up to the enjoyment of the fragrance of the fruit. Occasionally he bent his head to gaze curiously between the slats of the boxes. Clearly he was wondering if the pineapples tasted as good as they smelled.

Now and then he glanced up as if he might be expecting some one, but he did not seem impatient. Perhaps he was used to waiting.

Suddenly a gruff voice brought him trembling to his feet.

"Can ye drive, sonny?"

"I—I might," stammered the boy, a frightened look coming into his eyes. "I—I worked a heap with mules on the poor farm."

"There, there, I didn't mean to scare you. But I want some one to drive my team over to the grove after another load. Smith'll take the other load and point out what you're to do. I've got to stay here and mark truck."

The boy hesitated.

"I'm a-waitin' for my pap," he murmured. "If it wasn't for that, I'd be glad to go."

He spoke deprecatingly, and bent his shoulders as if expecting a blow. The man looked at him curiously. The shrinking form and furtive eyes reminded him of some dumb animal cowed by long abuse.

"Don't be afraid, youngster," he said, in more kindly voice. "I'm not hurtin' babies. But I 'low your pap must be pizen mean, and"—

"My pap never hurt me," interrupted the boy, fiercely. "'Twere the poor-house men that pestered and beat me. My pap wrote for me his own self, he did; and I come from Car'lina on the cars. We're goin' to be pardners, pap and me. He wrote me. And my pap is bigger than you and he'll fight all you-uns that talk him bad. We are goin' to make an orange grove, and he wrote me the money on paper, and the post-office man gave it to me. My pap's a lot bigger than you and better favored."

The sallow face was flushed now, and the eyes were flashing angrily.

"Sho, sho!" expostulated the man. "I don't know your pap's name, and I reckon he's a mighty fine man. But, if you'll take my team over, I'll make it all right with him when he does come. Likely he'll not be round before next train now, and you'll be back long before that. Besides, you can show him this when you see him," and he tossed up a silver quarter and caught it as it descended.

Reassured, the boy climbed into the wagon and began skilfully to back the mules from the platform. Seeing his team was in safe hands, the man turned his attention to stencilling the boxes.

"You'll be sure and tell pap I was a-wait-in'," shouted the boy, as he drove away.

"Sure," answered the man.

An hour and a half afterward the team drove up and backed again to the platform.

"Did he come?" the boy called eagerly, as it came to a stop.

"Ain't seen him," answered the man.

"But perhaps he'll come to meet the next train. Likely he thought you couldn't get here before then."

But the next train puffed in and out, and the crowd once more melted away from the station and left the boy alone. Soon after the man who had given him the quarter came up.

"Your pap must have mistaken the day," he said kindly. "That was the last train. You'd better come home with me for the night, and to-morrow you can come back and wait for him."

The boy followed his new friend doubtfully.

"I must be back to the very first train," he said. "Pap might think I got lost."

"What's your pap's name? Maybe I've heard of him."

"John Croffers," said the boy; "and pap says it's a good name. His grandfather was a captain, he was."

The boy spoke proudly, and looked at his new friend with flushed cheeks; but the man turned his face away with a low whistle of dismay. John Croffers had been led away from the town only the week before, and warned never to enter it again. He had long been known as idle and shiftless, and for some time suspected of being even worse. Cattle had mysteriously disappeared, and no amount of search revealed their whereabouts. Grove owners had found trees stripped of their fruit, and nurserymen missed choice stock from their grounds. No proof had been found against Croffers save that he was idle and dissolute. He had entered a good homestead claim three years before, but had done little to improve it. A rough cabin in the centre of several acres, a few straggling orange trees, and a dozen or so ragged bananas represented the whole of his three years' work.

But the country had filled up rapidly during the last few years, and the homestead was already becoming valuable. There were many who would be only too glad to "jump" it. Croffers' title could not be perfected for two years yet, and, should he remain away, as he had been ordered, the land would revert to the government and would be open to the public.

Yesterday Mr. Windom would not have cared. The man, he thought, deserved nothing. But now it seemed to him that the pitiful little figure on the seat by his side ought to have some interest in his father's homestead. And perhaps they had been a little hard on Croffers. There had been no proof.

"Do you know my pap?" asked the boy, who was beginning to feel that his companion's silence was rather prolonged.

"I—well—yes, I do recollect him, now you've mentioned his name. You see, he had particular business over in Marion County last week. Something to do with cattle, I believe. I 'low he knew we'd take good care of you till he got back."

The boy's face lengthened visibly. "When

do you s'pose he'll get back, and what am I to do?" he asked.

"W—ell, I reckon he'll have a lot to be thinking over, and it may be a month—maybe several before he gets round. But I can give you plenty of work driving mules till he does come."

"But pap said we were to be pardners and make an orange grove," objected the boy. "I 'low I must look after the place while he's gone."

"You'd be scared away out there alone, such a little fellow. Better stay with me."

The boy drew himself up slightly.

"The poorhouse folks knew Bob Croffers never got scared," he said slowly. "I was made to stay off alone in the cotton fields and watch the crops."

"H'm! Well, if you could do that, you can save your daddy's homestead, maybe." Then, in answer to the boy's questioning look, Mr. Windom told him about the homestead laws and the residence and improvements necessary to perfect the title. "Likely your pap will be back after it blows over—after he's done his business, I mean," he concluded.

"Then I must get out there right off in the morning," declared Bob.

So the next morning after breakfast Mr. Windom sent one of his boys to guide Bob to his father's deserted homestead. A bunch of half-wild razor-back hogs were found disposing of the few vegetables left in the garden patch, while several were making free with the tender twigs of the orange trees.

After driving all these beyond the broken fence, the boys made an examination of the place. An ordinary observer would have been dismayed; but to Bob, fresh from the hardships and blows of the poorhouse, it was full of wonderful promise. The stunted orange trees assumed beautiful proportions; the bananas were examined with shining eyes; and even the poor cabin and the broken fence felt the touch of his caressing, loving fingers. They were all his. He was one of the "pardners." Even the glory of his captain grandfather began to fade in the superior glory-to-be.

Young Windom returned home, and Bob was left to himself. Although three miles from the nearest neighbor, no thought of fear entered his mind. He was too full of his few possessions. A few sweet potatoes and other vegetables found in the garden and a small quantity of groceries in the cabin would last for a number of weeks; and, when they were gone, he had five dollars in money to fall back upon. His father had sent it for him to buy clothes with; but such expenditure seemed wasteful, and he had hidden the money on his person instead.

It was not long before the Croffers homestead began to be regarded curiously by such as chanced to pass that way. The broken fences, which had become almost a part of the landscape, had given place to better ones all around the clearing. Weeds, brush, rubbish, and the straggling branches of the orange trees had disappeared. The bananas were trimmed into shape. The cabin door swung gravely on two hinges instead of hanging tipsily to one side. The brush along the roadside was cut away, and a sidewalk attempted.

The neighbors kept a sort of wondering oversight of the place; and, when it became known that Mr. Windom had ploughed a couple of acres for the boy, and was to take his pay in work, they looked questioningly

at each other. Had they made a mistake? Surely the father of such a boy could not be wholly bad.

Meanwhile one neighbor gave Bob some seeds, another showed him how to ridge up his sweet potatoes to the best advantage, another taught him how to put a bud into an orange tree. Later, when his peas and beans matured, they frequently stopped and took his truck into town and sold it with theirs.

The winter passed, and early summer was approaching, and still there was no sign of the elder Croffers. Mr. Windom told Bob that his business must have been more difficult than he had expected, but probably he would be back before long. Bob never heard the full story from any one.

He had been at work for Mr. Windom several weeks, grubbing palmetto, and was to take his pay in young orange trees. He had to leave home very early and did not return until after dark. Mrs. Windom usually forced upon him a small basket of provisions or filled his pockets with oranges.

One evening, as he approached home, he fancied he saw some one leaning against the fence. It was too dark to see clearly, and for a moment he paused irresolutely. Visions of thieves and robbers rose before him, then the thought of home made him pull himself together and walk quietly forward.

The figure did not seem to notice him. As he was about to pass by, a broken sentence caught his attention: "You're different now, and dressed up, but you're mine, mine! Only I daren't come to you. I never did anything to be chased off like a wolf, and never allowed to meet Bobby. Poor little Bobby! I suppose he's lost before now, and I can't see him any more."

The boy's heart seemed to stop for a moment. Then, as a half sob caught his ear, he sprang forward with a wild cry:

"Pap! O pap! you have come!"

For some minutes they clung to each other in silence. Then Bob disengaged himself from his father's arms and stood back to survey the massive figure.

"You are big, pap! Just—surely—big!" he said. "And now we'll be pardners, and make the orange grove. I've worked for the trees from Mr. Windom."

"Mr. Windom," repeated the man, in a dazed voice. "Does Windom—expect me to come back?"

"He 'lowed you were coming before long, and he helped me to get in the crop."

"'Lowed I was coming before long," the man repeated. "But who's jumped the place, Bobby, and done all this fixing? I'm not feeling hard on him, 'cause he's taken care of you, Bobby. Only I just would like to know who's to live on the homestead. It was mine—the only bit of ground I ever owned."

Bob looked at him wonderingly.

"Why, pap, nobody's been here but me. We are pardners, you know; and Mr. Windom said I'd better look after the place and fix it up against your coming back. But come, let's be getting in to supper. Mrs. Windom gave me a basket full of pies and fixings."

Slowly the two walked toward the house; but, after Bob entered, the man lingered for some moments, gazing up at the stars.

"I'll be good to the boy after this—just as good as a man can be," he said. "I promise." Then he went into the house, too—to be driven out no more. To be "pardners" with Bob made him a good citizen.

*God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in Thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.*

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.



Little White Lily.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said: "Good again—
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Beautiful Hills.

BY JOHN E. DOLSEN.

WILL my steps draw never nearer
To where the blue hills lie?
Will their outlines ne'er be clearer
Where they loom against the sky?

Must I struggle on forever,
In vain, to reach their base?
Will their pleasant slopes be never
My blessed resting-place?

With hope and faith undying
I have journeyed, day by day,
Toward their shadowy reaches lying
In the west land, far away.

What place for me is meetest
Than the beautiful blue hills?
What waters ever sweeter
Than their million crystal rills?

These peaks of life loom higher,
With the day's last tint they blend—
I know I'm drawing nigher,
I shall reach them in the end.

Why the Animals do not Sing.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

IT was the donkey who suggested that animals should learn to sing. He was an American donkey, full of new ideas and push. His ancestors didn't come over in the "Mayflower," but they sailed from Spain at an earlier date, which suited the donkey quite as well. When, after practising simple tunes in the moonlight, he decided that all animals should learn to sing, the donkey asked the old brown owl's advice.

"Who shall sing? Who? Who? Who?" inquired the owl, scarcely believing his own ears.

"The horse, the cow, sheep, the little lambs, the squirrels, the big wild animals,—all should learn to sing," repeated the donkey. "I shall teach them what I know. I could"—

"Enough," interrupted the owl, "say no more. Many teachers shall instruct the classes. Better that animals should sing like many birds, than like one donkey, however fine his music."

"To be sure," agreed the good-natured donkey. "Advise me further."

"Call a convention," the old brown owl continued. "Invite all the animals and all the birds. Classes can then be formed and teachers chosen. Wildcats will doubtless prefer catbird music. Wrens shall teach the squirrels: squirrels and wrens carry their tails after the same fashion and scold in the same manner, hence let the squirrels sing like wrens. Cows have no more music in their souls than the cow-birds, as I have often noticed, hence shall cow-birds teach cows."

"While I and my family," interposed the donkey, "choose the bobolink, whose music is full of ups and downs, for our teacher. I have often tried to imitate the bobolink's sweet strains."

"Enough," cautioned the owl, "sing no more, friend, until the bobolink shall teach thee ups and downs indeed!"

There was a moment of silence before the old brown owl resumed. "Fox-sparrows shall take Mr. and Mrs. Reynard and their children in charge," he observed thoughtfully; "but, donkey, hasten to call the convention. I myself will teach the hoot to the entire company. Ah, such music as we shall have in the forest when all the animals shall join in the hoot and general chorus."

Accordingly invitations were sent far and wide requesting animals and birds to attend a convention in the deepest forest glade, beginning in the morning of the twenty-third day of June. Invitations were immediately accepted. At dawn, on the twenty-third day of June, animals arrived from far and near. At the appointed time the convention was called to order. Several animals made speeches, and all agreed that a musical education would be of great benefit to themselves and to our country.

"But where," demanded the squirrels, "where are the birds?"

Even the old brown owl had not arrived at the convention. Another hour passed, yet not a bird appeared.

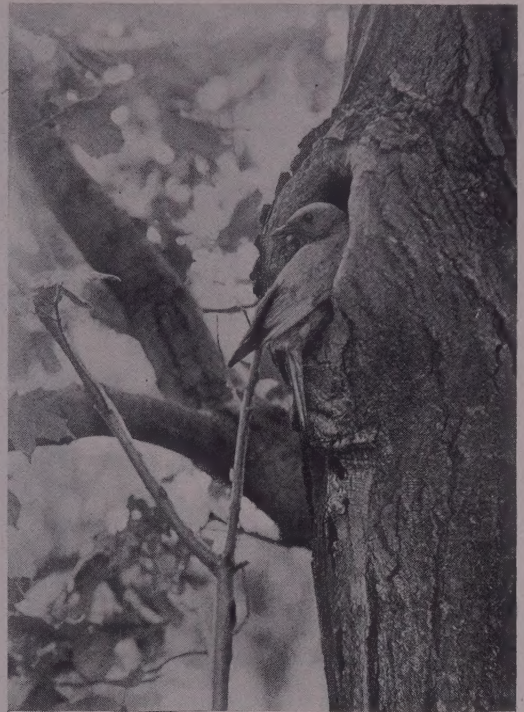
"Let us send messengers," suggested the rabbit. "I, for one, will go."

"And I and my family," offered the deer.

Accordingly, messengers were sent to urge the birds to hasten toward the forest glade where the convention awaited their coming.

"The birds," replied the messengers when they returned, "the birds have not yet finished their breakfasts. They are hungry: their children are crying for food. They are coming, though, and are singing between bites, to keep in practice as we suppose. Doubtless they will be here directly after luncheon."

Patiently the animals waited until an hour after luncheon, when not a bird had come to



"Their children are crying for food."

join them. Again messengers were sent to learn the reason for such delay.

"The birds have not yet finished their luncheons," announced the messengers on their return. "They are still hungry; their children are crying for food. The catbirds are eating grasshoppers thirty at a time, one after the other, and yet they are hungry. The orioles are eating caterpillars by the quart, and still they are hungry. Blackbirds are eating worms in the cornfield, and still they are hungry. It is the same story everywhere! Eat—eat—eat! Eat bugs, worms, caterpillars, spiders,—every bird in the country eating every minute, and still they are hungry and their babies are crying for food."

"But they will come when they are through eating," ventured a messenger who had not yet spoken. "The honest old robin promised."

"Yes," chimed in a third messenger, "but with the birds it is always, always meal-time, as you will see. It is luncheon hour until dinner-time; it is dinner-time until the day birds go to bed and the night birds begin eating supper. No use to expect the whip-poor-wills nor the nighthawks nor the owls, if we wait until they are through eating!"

It was even so: the hungry birds were unable to attend the convention.

At dusk the old brown owl came, with an apology, first explaining that he was too hungry to remain.

"Friends," said he, "the birds regret this delay, but they serve our country first. Not only are the birds hungry, but our government requires their services. Birds cannot attend the convention while insects of every description are ruining the farmers' crops. Better that animals should never learn to sing than that the nation starve. Our country first. 'Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.' However, if the convention will wait until the crops are saved and the nestlings can take care of themselves, then I shall give hooting lessons, and other birds will gladly"—

But the convention broke up, and the ani-



"While I and my family," interposed the donkey, "choose the bobolink."

imals fled without waiting to hear another word.

As for that donkey, although to this day the oriole is busy eating from morning until night and has never had time to give him music lessons, that donkey still tries to sing.

June Flowers.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

LITTLE rose-bush in the garden,
How I love your beauty rare;
How the fragrance of your petals
Perfumes all the summer air.
Fed by sunshine and by raindrops,
Kissed by every vagrant bee,
June's the month to sing your praises,
Little rose-bush fair to see.

Daisies white in grassy meadows
Standing up so straight and tall,
Though I toiled from morn till sunset,
I could never pluck you all.
You are June's sweet flower children,
Daisies white and roses red,
And by summer suns and showers
Are your blossoms warmed and fed.

Sunday School News.

The Sunday school of St. John's German church of Cincinnati has an enrolment of 275 pupils and 42 officers and teachers. The school uses *The Beacon* series of graded lessons, and our Song and Service Book, and its members are readers of *The Beacon*. The school has a birthday fund, to which each pupil contributes as many pennies as he is years old, and receives in return a birthday card.

A few weeks before Easter the teachers provide and distribute some sort of box for taking the Easter collection. This year the box was a wooden egg. When the eggs were opened, they were found to contain sixty-five dollars, the Easter offering of the school. The confirmation class of those who entered into church membership this year numbered forty-five.

The Sunday school of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Cincinnati has organized a Cradle Roll Department, which numbers eighteen members. The grandson of the minister of the church was the first baby enrolled.

Grandsire, Father, and Son, Americans.

BY KILBOURNE COWLES.

"GRANDFATHER, am I not an American? Can't I call myself an American boy?" asked the twelve-year-old Joseph Pavacek in his native Polish language. His voice trembled with agitation, and old John Pavacek looked at him with surprise and compassion.

"Yes, my boy, you are growing up in this country. You, I am sure, scarcely remember the fatherland. You are an American surely, but why do you ask?"

"The boys make sport with me because you and my father do not speak the English which is talked here in the United States. They say I am no American, but a 'dago.' Oh, I wish you and my father knew the English, and we could all be Americans together."

"Yes, it would be well. Can you not teach us?" asked the old man, smiling as if making a joke.

"I will try," answered Joseph, seriously; and the very next afternoon he brought his



FEEDING HIS PETS.

school reader home, and in the evening began with painful earnestness an attempt to impart his own rather scant knowledge of his adopted tongue. The grandfather and father made but clumsy efforts to repeat the strange words after him, and the little master put away his book at bedtime with some disheartenment. Another evening's trial almost completed Joseph's discouragement, but he persevered night after night for as long a time after supper as the men would spare from their Polish papers, until one evening, at his usual teaching hour, he said, with a beaming face: "I know something better now. Come with me." And taking the hand of each, he led them to his school, the Wells in North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, where he had just discovered that a night school had been opened. With the old-world respect and politeness in which he had been trained in his home, he introduced them to Mr. Masslich, the principal.

"You see," he said, "my father has to work very hard all day with other men who

know not the English, and grandfather could not come to school very well in the day with the kids, for they would make sport of him. So I shall be much obliged if you will let them come to night school, and learn the language of our country."

"What answer did the high-born make?" asked the grandsire, anxiously.

"He says it is all right, that he wishes you to come and learn."

The two men grasped the hand of the principal gratefully, and asked their Joseph to thank him, and then they were taken into the schoolroom where they began at once the study of English as regular and enthusiastic pupils.

*God hath given a kindlier power
To the favored strawberry flower.
When the months of spring are fled,
Hither let us bend our walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red
Then will hang on every stalk.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PUSSY-CLOVER.

PUSSY-CLOVER'S running wild,
Here and there and anywhere,
Like a little vagrant child
Free of everybody's care.

All unshaded roadsides know
Pussy-Clover's sunburnt head
That by cabin door-steps low
Lifts itself in tawny red.

Lady-Rose is shy and proud;
Maiden-Lily bashful-sweet;
Pussy-Clover loves a crowd—
Seeks the paths of hurrying feet.

Like all faithful, homely things
Pussy-Clover lingers on
Till the bird no longer sings,
And the butterfly is gone.

LUCY LARCOM.

Frank and the Picnic Lunch.

BY EMILY HENDERSON.

FRANK had never in his short life attended a picnic. He was then greatly excited, when, just after he went from the city to live in a little town, plans were made for a Sunday-school picnic. He had vague ideas about the nature of such an entertainment, but it was enough for him that he was to spend the day in the woods.

Frank's mother could not go, but she put him under the care of Miss Deane, his teacher, and packed a fat lunch-basket for him. "He has a growing boy's appetite," she laughed, when a neighbor exclaimed, "You surely don't expect one small boy to eat all of that!" As to Frank, he felt sure there was not too much, and was very glad there were chicken and cake and other good things.

He had no appetite for breakfast, as he was haunted with the thought that the party might go off and leave him if he were not on the porch as a reminder.

At last, after what seemed to him a great waste of precious time, he heard a chorus of merry voices and the rumble of a carryall. "Here's a place for you, Frank!" called Wilbur West, as the carryall stopped, and

he was tucked in between Wilbur and Miss Deane.

Then they were off down the street and out into a country road.

What a lively ride it was, and how full of interesting country sights! Frank pitied the people he met, and wondered how they could be willing to go into town when there was a picnic in the opposite direction. Just before they entered the woods they came to a little old cottage with two or three neglected-looking children in the yard, who gazed wistfully at them. Then they drove in among the trees.

"There's the spring!" cried Wilbur. "And there's the big rock!" cried another boy. "And here's our stopping place," announced the driver.

The horses were stopped, and the children climbed out and ran off into the woods where some men were already putting up swings and hammocks. The boys shouted themselves hoarse, and the hills and rocks answered as socially as if they were glad to join in the sport. Frank thought a picnic a most delightful affair.

"Let's go get a drink," proposed Wilbur, and back they started to the spring. Then a rocky region tempted them to explore farther:

"What are you lugging that basket around for?" demanded Wilbur.

"It's my dinner," explained Frank.

"Well, set it down here till we come back," ordered Wilbur. Then they began to climb the rocks and explore fascinating hollows in between, until they came upon the party again.

After a while some one suggested that it was time for dinner, and Frank, remembering his basket, wandered off to the spring in search of it, but no basket could he find. He began to feel very, very hungry and to think of the breakfast he had refused to eat. He thought, too, of the chicken and cake and other tempting things. There was more of each at home, he remembered, and perhaps Mother hadn't eaten her dinner yet. Anyway he couldn't stay at a picnic without any dinner. He might starve without anything to eat all day. He looked down the long, dusty road, then trudged off homeward.

But he had gone only a short distance when some one called him. He turned and saw Miss Deane beckoning to him to return.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed as he went back to her, "where were you going?"

"Home," answered Frank. "I lost my dinner, and I'm hungry."

"Lost your dinner!" exclaimed Miss Deane, laughing. "Why, there's dinner enough back here for a dozen more boys. Anyway, I hope we haven't any boys in our class who wouldn't share their dinners with a hungry little fellow."

Frank hadn't thought about that.

Miss Deane led the way back to where the crowd were seated on the grass, like one big family, around a tempting meal. So this was the way they did at a picnic! Frank thought it a very fine plan—much better than depending on one's own basket, especially if one's own basket happened to be lost.

"It's such a long dinner!" he exclaimed, looking down the length of table-cloths.

"And such a big one in every way," answered Miss Deane, as she filled his plate.

It was when they were on the homeward way that a boy called out: "Oh, there's Frank's basket!" And, sure enough, there it was under a tree.

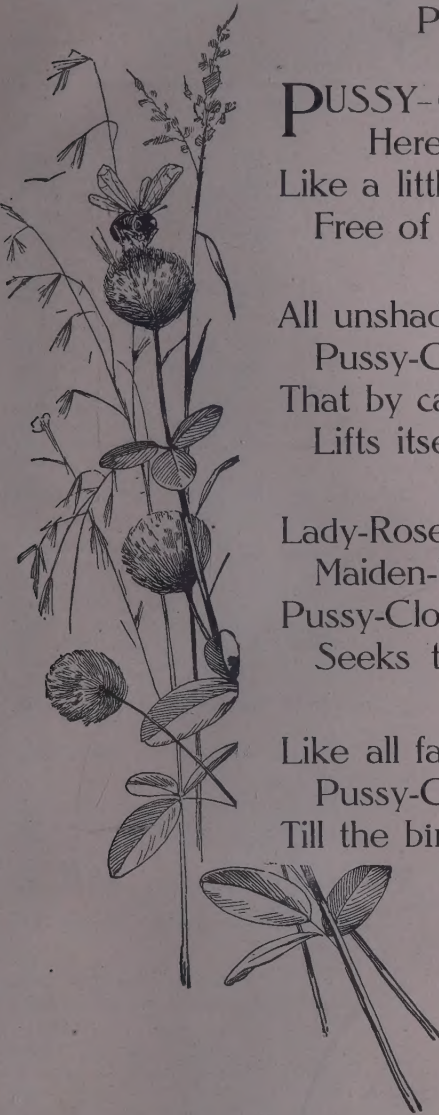
"Hop out and get it," called the driver, stopping the horses. Frank did so; but, as he picked up the basket, the three children he had seen in the morning came straggling along the road. "Do you want some of the picnic?" he asked, and began handing out the contents of the basket. "You spread it out on the grass," he explained. "Then it's a picnic." But the eager children did not wait for that; and the last thing Frank saw, as the party drove out of the woods, was a lank boy waving good-bye with a drumstick.

"You see," he explained to his mother that night, "Miss Deane said any boy in her class ought to be willing to give his dinner to another who was hungry; and I think they were, for they looked the way I felt when I lost my basket."

A Wise Little Shoe.

"My mother always taught me," said a careful little shoe,
"One simple rule of conduct, which I gladly tell to you;
For I find I fare much better, both friends and foes among,
If I keep my eyes wide open and always hold my tongue!"

Little Folks.



THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
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From the Editor to You.

THE time has come when we must say Good-bye to each other, for a few months. *The Beacon* will not visit you again until the first week in October. Schools will close for a vacation period. Will school and paper seem a little dearer because we miss them for a time? Perhaps so. At least, we will have the chance to learn the value of a pause. The Editor wishes all our readers a happy summer, filled with joy in the things that are growing and blossoming and ripening.

Are we all meaning to do as Thoreau once said, to make this the best summer of our lives? If so, I am sure we will remember that gladness of heart is one of our ways of giving thanks for all the lovely and helpful things of earth. Jean Ingelow, in one of her poems, wrote,

"Joy is the grace we say to God."

You may enter into fellowship with the sky and the sea, with the field and the woodland, with the flower and the tree. When the beauty and the wonder of them make your heart give a great throb of joy, you may know that you are truly at worship, "saying grace" to God. That is what one of our Bible writers tells us to do, "Rejoice in the Lord always."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXI.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 12, 15, 10, 14, 3, is very close.
My 7, 5, 8, 1, is a kind of bread.
My 14, 9, 16, 10, 17, is attached to a door.
My 7, 4, 2, is a cereal.
My 11, 2, 17, 8, is a part of the foot.
My 7, 6, 13, 2, is a plan to deceive.
My whole is a vacation message to *Beacon* readers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXV.—Peace on earth, good-will toward men.
ENIGMA LXVI.—*The World's Work*.
ENIGMA LXVII.—Lend-a-Hand Club.
FLOWER GARDEN.—Lily, lilac, phlox, pink, rose, verbenas, violet.
ANAGRAMS.—1. Raglan. 2. Rawdon. 3. Marion.
4. Taylor. 5. Burnside. 6. Beauregard. 7. Rosecrans. 8. Sheridan. 9. Sherman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35.

ENIGMA LXVIII.—Red Jacket.
ENIGMA LXIX.—General Winfield Scott.
ENIGMA LXX.—A rolling stone gathers no moss.
HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.—1. Ahab. 2. Tyre. 3. Nabal. 4. Hagar. 5. Kish.
A RIDDLE.—Cardinal.
HIDDEN TREES.—1. Cypress. 2. Pine. 3. Hemlock. 4. Elm. 5. Maple. 6. Cedar. 7. Larch.

THE BEACON CLUB.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

THIS is the last number of our paper before vacation, so no more letters can be published until October. Any one who wants to join our Club during the summer may write a letter telling something meant to be helpful to other readers of our paper, or sending a puzzle for the Recreation Corner. The Club button will be sent in return, and letters will be published so far as space permits when *The Beacon* begins its next volume, October 5.

A new venture in the Club Corner of our paper next year will be the YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS DEPARTMENT. Conditions under which contributions may be sent are given below.

All contributions accepted and published will be paid for at one half our usual space rates.

Names of contributors whose work deserves commendation, but cannot be accepted for publication, will be printed on an Honor list. Where two or more contributions are of equal value, one sent by a Club member who has won a place on the Honor list will be preferred.

CONDITIONS.

The writer must be under eighteen years of age, and must have already secured a *Beacon* Club button by writing a letter for the *Beacon* Club Corner of our paper, or by sending a puzzle to the Recreation Column. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side only of the sheet. Name, full address, and age of the writer must be placed at the upper corner of the first page of manuscript; when the contribution is prose, the number of words should also be stated. Under this the endorsement, "Original contribution; age correct," must be signed by parent, guardian, or teacher. Manuscripts should be folded and sent flat in stout envelopes. No contribution will be returned to sender unless an addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to contain it is enclosed. Any desired title for story, essay, or verse may be chosen, so long as the theme suggested is the one used; and a clever or striking title will count in the choice made for publication. One contribution only in each group may be sent by any one member, not one of each kind.

The Editor reserves the right to reject all contributions on any given subject if none of sufficient merit to warrant publication is submitted.

Address Young Contributors Department.

THE BEACON,
25 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in the six of the same kind.]

Group I. Must be received on or before September 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: A Vacation Experience.
2. Verse: What the Birds sing.
3. Six Puzzles, one to require some knowledge of the Bible or reference to it.

Group II. Must be received on or before Oct. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: Why Tom (or Lois) was thankful.
2. Verse: Thanksgiving.
3. Six puzzles, one to have some reference to Thanksgiving.

Group III. Must be received on or before Nov. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: "It happened at Christmas."
2. Verse: "When the Christ-child came."
3. Six puzzles, one to relate to Christmas.

What our Friends Say about Us.

MANY good words about *The Beacon* have reached us. We are glad to share the messages with our readers. Let a literary man speak first:

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

The Beacon is a fresh, distinctive little paper, and it appeals to me. I have been pleased with comments that have reached me here concerning it. I have faith in the paper, and am confident there is a wonderful future ahead of it. I hope it will grow and grow.

The next comment comes from a woman writer:

NEW YORK CITY.

The enclosed subscription will send *The Beacon* into the three homes named in my letter. As it was always worth a great deal more than fifty cents a year, I am more than willing to pay that price, and shall pay the double of that cheerfully when *The Beacon* goes up, as I hope it some day will, to \$1 a year!

This from the wife of a minister in a school where our paper goes regularly:

LAWRENCE, MASS.

I wish to tell you how much my Sunday-school class are enjoying *The Beacon* under your management. Their ages range from fifteen years up, and, when the papers are passed, I hear them say, "Don't you like 'The Snow Bridge'?" "Wasn't 'The Old Songs' a good story?" "I think *The Beacon* is getting better every week." A good paper like *The Beacon* adds greatly to the effectiveness of a Sunday school.

From two superintendents on the Pacific Coast we have these words:

I personally read every issue of our paper, and, whenever it is possible, draw the attention of the school to its good points, creating a desire and expectation before I distribute the copies. In that way I do my part toward creating a demand for the good things offered.

I want to tell you how much we all enjoy *The Beacon* this year.

A letter from a trained kindergarten, who is also a Sunday-school superintendent.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

The members of our school all want *The Beacon*, young and old. Sometimes, when all are ready to go home, I hear a big brother or sister who has come in to get the youngest member of the family in the kindergarten ask him, "Sure you've got your *Beacon* to take home?" There is great interest in some of the continued stories. The children enjoy reading their *Beacons* after dinner Sunday. Sometimes all the family work together over the puzzles.

Many of the older children tell me that they are planning to write you soon and tell you themselves how much they enjoy *The Beacon*.

Now for a closing letter, which will show our boys and girls that their elders like some of the things that they like:

LIVERMORE, ME.

Dear Editor,—Have just seen your suggestion that readers of *The Beacon* write to you of what especially interests them in the paper, and that "the opinion of adult readers" will be welcomed. It is for these I am moved to write.

My mother, who is seventy-five years of age, recently remarked that this winter she had "been reading all of every issue." *The Beacon* comes to us from a home in Somerville, Mass., where our friend, aged seventy-nine, and her husband, eighty-two years young, both enjoy the reading and work out the puzzles.

I am often particularly impressed with the originality of the pictures and poems, but always my first thought in regard to the paper is its superiority in every department,—that it is so thoroughly high-class in every respect.

From us it goes to children in our own and the adjoining towns of Canton and Turner, where I am assured that more than one grandparent finds in its columns entertainment and amusement, instruction and inspiration.

ADMIRING FRIEND.